

nervous system gets wrong the face first records it. The eyes begin losing their luster of youth, muscles become flabby, the skin refuses to contract accordingly and the inevitable result is wrinkles, femininity's fiercest and most insidious foe. There is no use attempting to reason with a woman about the evil effects of ill temper while she is in an ugly mood. She knows perfectly well that it is bad form; that it savors of the coarse and underbred; that it is weak and belittling and immoral and that it hurts her cause to lose her temper. But she does not stop at just that time to think about it and to remind her of the fact only adds fuel to the flames.

But when she is cool and serene and at peace with all the world, if you can convince her that each fit of temper adds a year to her age by weakening her mental force and by tracing crow tracks about her eyes and telltale lines around her mouth, she will probably think twice before again forgetting herself. For no matter what she asserts to the contrary, woman prizes youth and beauty above every other gift the gods hold it in their power to bestow upon mortals.

The Slaughter of the Innocent

ELIZABETH FREELAND

The bonny, bonny little birds!

It is their hour of need;

They have no power to beg for life,

It is for them I plead.

The human cry to God is still

For "mercy, mercy," solely;

The birds sing only "God be praised,"

And "Holy, holy, holy!"

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Could ye but see the bright wings torn

From birds alive and bleeding,

And note their quivering agony,

I had no need for pleading.

The wingless form flung in the dust,

Its deathly pain and terror,

Would wake in every woman's heart

A bitter sense of error.

Ten thousand thousand little birds,

In cruel hands a dying,

Have heard with breaking mother hearts,

Their hungry nestlings cry.

The nestlings starve, and God's command

Has been defied and broken,

For he who made the universe

In their behalf hath spoken.

The bonny, bonny little birds!

It is their hour of need,

They have no power to beg for life,

It is for them I plead.

Rules for a Christian Home

Home would be greatly sweetened and blessed if the following rules were better observed:

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it.

2. Every person in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.

5. If from sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

6. Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness.

7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.

8. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

9. Speak kindly to dependents and servants, and praise them when you can.

Sisters' S. C. E.

The Salisbury Merry Makers

The "Progressives" of Salisbury have had such a joyous feast socially as well as financially that I wish you to know about it.

Our S. S. C. E. has given three successful sleighing parties, to the homes of our hospitable brethren in the country and Meyersdale. A perfect evening being desirable, February 5th was selected for our descent on the residence of Brother Norman Keim.

We went in sleds from the country and sleighs from the town, a cargo of merry makers on mischief bent. As the shades of evening fell the storm king rose in his might and the snowflakes were whirled so fantastic wreathes, into our faces and over our heads, covering alike horse, driver and crew with a veil of filmy whiteness. "Cold blew the gale from the northeast" but what was that to us? Chatting, laughing and singing we rode merrily along until lo! we were halted. The drifts were high piled and the horses were stationary. Out sprang fair maidens, gay gallants, bucksome matrons and many men into the snow and thru the drifts, with many a shout of laughter. Then on again, off again, gone again, and soon we reached Edgewood Farm. Here we were met at the door by our genial brother beaming with smiles, notwithstanding his astonishment at our facing the terrible storm for the pleasure of his company.

Minister, editor, professor, able corps of teachers, merchants, mechanics, farmers and others, received his cordial greeting. His good wife was not to be outdone by her husband in courtesy, and we were soon at home and happy. The youngsters scattered themselves over the house and songs and games were soon in progress.

On hospitable thought intent, the matrons began to prepare a bountiful repast of oysters with the accompanying viands. Sherbet and ice cream with the best of cake soon made their appearance to delight our eyes and gratify our voracious appetites. All too soon the happy hours flew away and we were homeward bound. Out into the drifts again with our previous experience repeated. Floundering in the snow and then homeward to pleasant dreams of feathery flakes and awful avalanches.

On February 12th the merry makers were

notified that Brother Phineas Compton and his estimable wife would be "at home" to all comers; so we summoned our conveyances, donned our heaviest wraps and daring the storm king to do his worst, we were once more all aboard. Over the snow and thru the pines, the bells jingled merrily. Soon we saw the gleaming of lights beaming a welcome across our way. The fame of the Progressive suppers and the hospitality of the Comptons had so spread that notwithstanding cold and drifts, over sixty were present to do ample justice to chicken, salads, chips, cakes, ice cream, sherbet, coffee, etc.

With song and jest and pleasant conversation the evening sped away and all voted it one of the most delightful of the season. Homeward without accident, many making the query, "When and where will we have our next Progressive supper?"

On the 25th, word was sent round to the friend that Brother and Sister Williams our former towns folk now of Meyersdale had invited us to honor their new house with our presence and with an other Progressive supper. The day was sunny and warm and the temptation to go irresistible; so extensive preparations were made for the event.

But at noon word came that Sister Williams was ill. What was to be done? Scarcely was the question asked, before over the phone came the reply, "Come to my house." Mrs. Dr. Beachley. "You will be welcome at our house." Sister Norman Miller. "The parsonage is always open to you." Rev. Knepper. Mrs. Beachley's offer being the first was gratefully accepted.

We started off in great glee, but we had not reached Boynton, when we began to wonder whether we were to walk or ride there, for the beautiful snow was scarcely in evidence save in occasional drifts. However, walking and riding by turns, at last we saw the lights of the village and the reception we met amply compensated us for all the discomfort we had experienced.

The entire convenient and beautiful house was thrown open for our pleasure and comfort. The culinary department with all its appertenances was put in charge of the good sisters who had so successfully ministered to the inner man on previous occasions.

Soon the gleam of linen, the glitter of silver and glass ware, the clink of china and fragrant odors floating from some mysterious region, convinced us that this repast would equal any previous effort and we were sure our appetites, whetted by our pedestrian exercise, were equal to any provision made for them.

Our charming hostess made every one welcome, while her excellent daughters were largely instrumental in making the supper the grand success it undoubtedly was. Her son and wife also assisted in making the guests comfortable.

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul" were only equalled by the bounteous feast of substantials spread before us by the Progressive cooks. What mattered if we did not